



## **A Heavier Winter**

*Glen Phillips*

Come down here past rivergums  
in a dry riverbed where the faint  
smell of damp lingers as memory  
of a winter's roar of waters: sheep  
huddled wet on higher ground  
of an island in the river flats.  
Travellers halted miserably  
in steady soaking rain watching  
the floodway's surge. Too wet  
to light a fire. And with an early  
winter's evening drawing darkly  
in, let me show you the way  
to defiant firesides where ample  
mallee roots, the spoils of cleared  
bush, are banked up white-hot  
right to the back of the hearth.